

A GRAPHIC REMINISCENCE

Of the Fatal Morning of
July 2, 1901.

Illustrating costs money, and especially in a weekly newspaper, yet the News, to retain its seat in the front pew of weekly newspapers, could not let such a tragic event as

daylight. There was desolation on all sides and everywhere except in the hearts of the people. Their courage and faith were unshaken. There wasn't a single thought of giving up. The noble-minded first thought of their own resurrection, and coupled that thought with the restoration also of his fellow associates. The avaricious fellow, of course, deformed the beautiful picture with his hideous grin of gain, yet such a specimen is long lived nowhere until he reaches his native

the operators were constantly at the keys till way long into the following night. The one thought universal with the sufferers was "Save ourselves and save Williams." The fire was a fatality, yet it cemented the bonds of sympathy and friendship between the business men of the town that no dissension can break or excitement can confuse. The two large pictures in this issue were taken while the smoke was ascending from the ruins yet burning. The smoke

tin says editorially: "The town of Williams, in northern Arizona, is made up of a class of men who never stop to mourn on account of misfortune. They are hustlers, everyone of them, and they are led and encouraged by Editor George U. Young, of THE WILLIAMS NEWS. The following from a recent issue of the News tells of the many hard licks which the business men of Williams have been hit during the past year: "July 2, 1900, the Santa Fe and Grand Canyon rail-

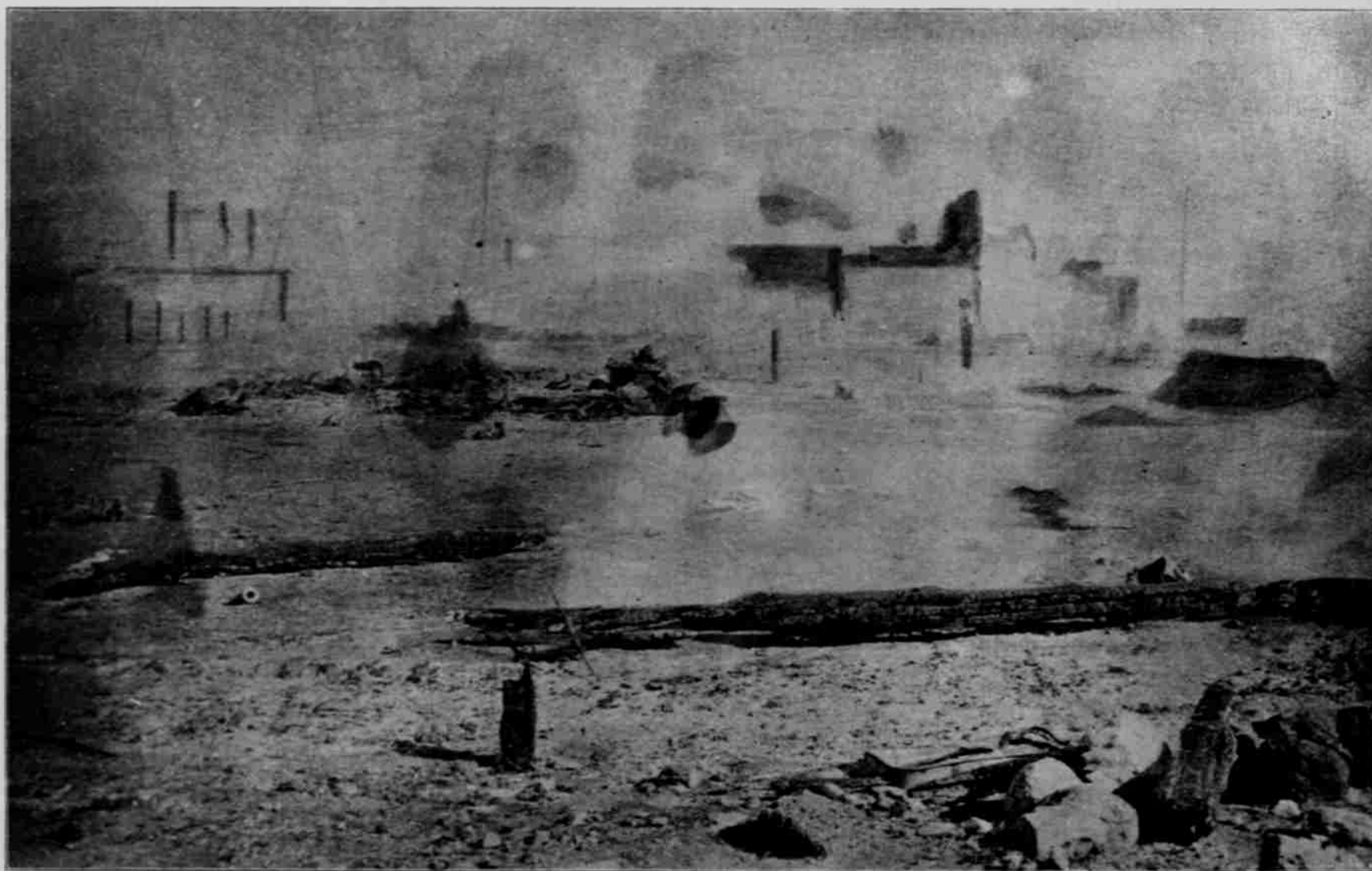


Photo by J. T. Cose.

FIRE SCENE LOOKING NORTH—RUINS OF THE TOLFREE HOTEL ON THE LEFT, CHIMNEY OF THE NEWS OFFICE IN THE CENTER, RUINS OF THE STORES OF M. SALEMAN, M. E. RANNEY AND A. H. HARBALL ON THE RIGHT. THE FOREGROUND RUINS ARE THOSE OF H. C. SAUNDERS' STORE, G. W. MARTIN'S BUTCHER SHOP AND HAYWARD HOTEL.

the big fire of July 2, 1901, pass by without an attempt to present to the outside world at least a faint idea of the awful destruction wrought. No one knows what caused the fire, how it was caused or anything about it, yet all know that in less than two hours and one-half, after the sounding of the first fire alarm, three blocks of business houses and residences were in ashes. The devotion, economy, savings and self-denial of the lives of business men had gone up in smoke. It was a desolate scene at

heath, which is hell. They jump in and may prosper for a time, yet humanity is in such instances most times just, and the reward in the end goes to the faithful servant.

Such was a part of the condition that fateful morning. The business men forgot their woes in their eagerness to get new stocks of goods and started again. The town was desolate, but not a murmur for sympathy arose. Two telegraph offices put on extra messengers. Business commenced on the wires while yet the fire was burning, and

dimmed the natural clearness of the photographs, but that only lends the natural weirdness to the general scene. The smaller views were "after-the-fire" pictures.

The extra expense incident to this issue of the News has been undergone first to complete the duty of a newspaper, and second to give the people something to preserve as a memento, describing by picture one of Williams' greatest afflictions and events.

Under the caption "They Are Hustlers," the Solomonville Bulle-

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